

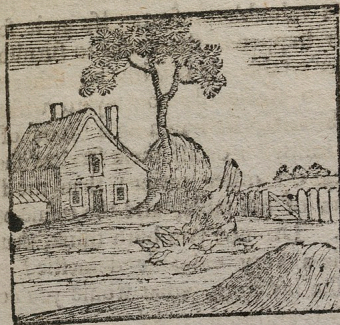
108 JUVENILE RAMBLES.

be turned out of their house, and their papa and mama robbed of every thing that was dear to them! I am sure it would make them cry. Then why should they wish to make any of those little birds unhappy, who, instead of doing them any injury, strain their pretty throats to sing them the sweetest songs? But, see, the footman is coming to call us to breakfast. Let us walk home.

R A M-

JUVENILE RAMBLES. 109

R A M B L E XI.



I Yesterday morning, my dear Charlotte and Master Billy, entertained you with some account of the nature of birds, and I shall in this ramble finish that subject. See what a brood of chickens that hen has got, and she takes as much care of them as the fondest mother can of her children.

I be-